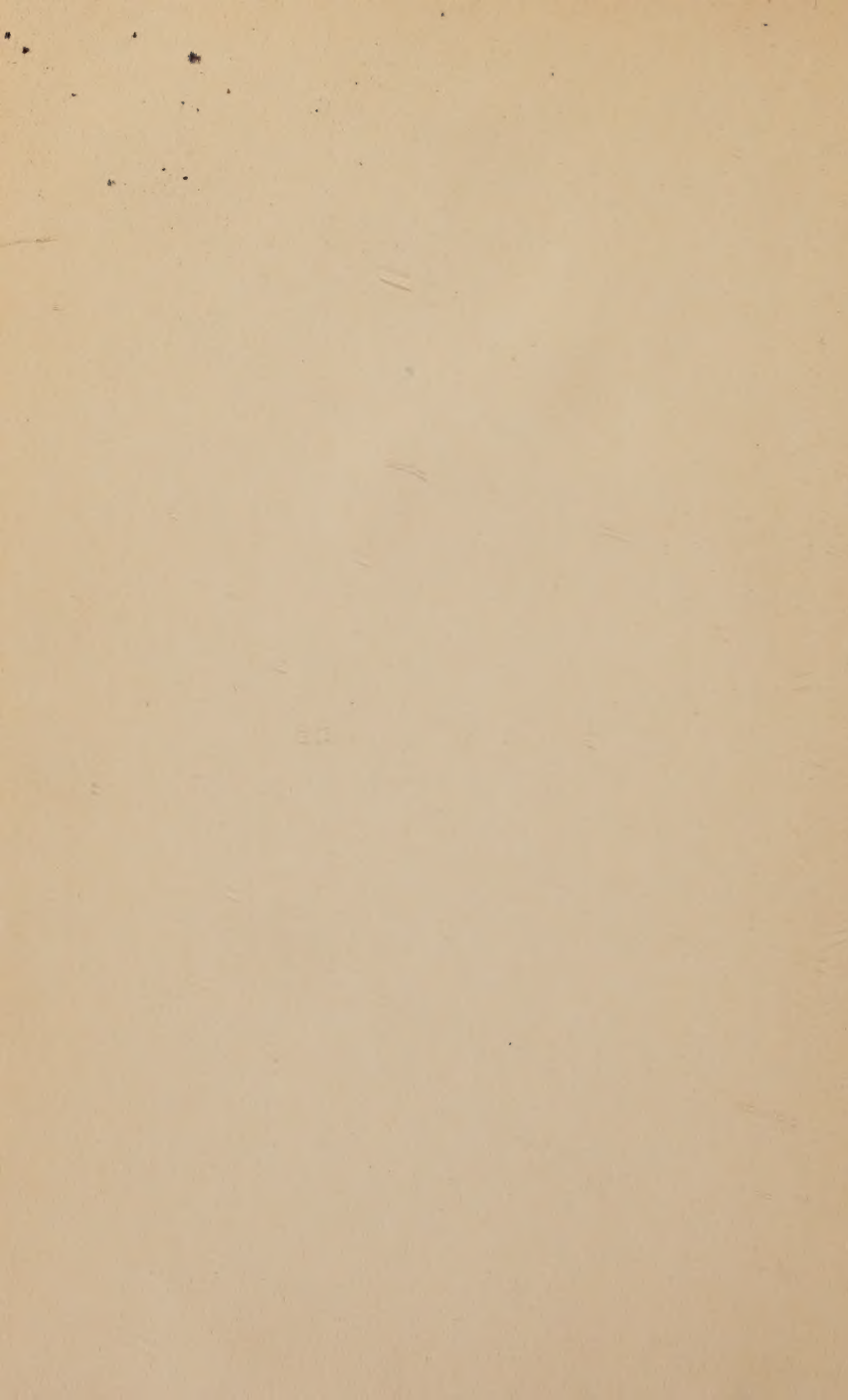


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OBSERVATIONS

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MARIANNE MOORE

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Robert McAlmon





OBSERVATIONS

TO AN INTRA-MURAL RAT

YOU make me think of many men
Once met, to be forgot again
Or merely resurrected
In a parenthesis of wit
That found them hastening through it
Too brisk to be inspected.

RETICENCE AND VOLUBILITY

“**W**HEN I am dead,”
The wizard said,
“I’ll look upon the narrow way
And this Dante,
And know that he was right
And he’ll delight
In my remorse,
Of course.”

“When I am dead,”
The student said,
“I shall have grown so tolerant,
I’ll find I can’t
Laugh at your sorry plight
Or take delight
In your chagrin,
Merlin.”

TO A CHAMELEON

HID by the august foliage and fruit of the grape vine,
Twine
Your anatomy
Round the pruned and polished stem,
Chameleon.
Fire laid upon
An emerald as long as
The Dark King's massy
One,
Could not snap the spectrum up for food as you have done.

A TALISMAN

UNDER a splintered mast,
Torn from the ship and cast
Near her hull,

A stumbling shepherd found
Embedded in the ground,
A seagull

Of lapislazuli,
A scarab of the sea,
With wings spread—

Curling its coral feet,
Parting its beak to greet
Men long dead.

TO A PRIZE BIRD

YOU suit me well; for you can make me laugh,
Nor are you blinded by the chaff
That every wind sends spinning from the rick.

You know to think, and what you think you speak
With much of Samson's pride and bleak
Finality; and none dare bid you stop.

Pride sits you well, so strut, colossal bird.
No barnyard makes you look absurd;
Your brazen claws are staunch against defeat.

INJUDICIOUS GARDENING

IF yellow betokens infidelity,
I am an infidel.
I could not bear a yellow rose ill will
Because books said that yellow boded ill,
White promised well;

However, your particular possession—
The sense of privacy
In what you did—deflects from your estate
Offending eyes, and will not tolerate
Effrontery.

FEAR IS HOPE

“NO man may him hyde
From Deth holow eyed.”

For us two spirits this shall not suffice,
To whom you are symbolic of a plan
Concealed within the heart of man.

Splendid with splendor hid you come, from your
Arab abode,

An incandescence smothered in the hand of an as-
trologer who rode

Before you, Sun—whom you outran,
Piercing his caravan.

Sun, you shall stay
With us. Holiday

And day of wrath shall be as one, wound in a device
Of Moorish gorgeousness, round glasses spun
To flame as hemispheres of one

Great hourglass dwindling to a stem. Consume
hostility;

Employ your weapons in this meeting place of surg-
ing enmity.

Insurgent feet shall not outrun
Multiplied flames, O Sun.

TO A STRATEGIST

YOU brilliant Jew,
You bright particular chameleon, you
Regild a shabby fence.

They understood
Your stripes and particolored mind, who could
Begrudge you prominence

And call you cold!
But when has prejudice been glad to hold
A lizard in its hand—

A subtle thing?
To sense fed on a fine imagining,
Sound sense is contraband.

IS YOUR TOWN NINEVEH?

WHY so desolate?
in phantasmagoria about fishes,
what disgusts you? Could
not all personal upheaval in
the name of freedom, be tabooed?

Is it Nineveh
and are you Jonah
in the sweltering east wind of your wishes?
I myself, have stood
there by the aquarium, looking
at the Statue of Liberty.

A FOOL, A FOUL THING, A DISTRESSFUL
LUNATIC

WITH webs of cool
Chain mail and his stout heart, is not the gander
Mocked, and ignorantly designated yet,
To play the fool?
“Egyptian vultures clean as cherubim,
All ivory and jet,” are they most foul?
And nature’s child,
That most precocious water bird, the loon—why
Is he foremost in the madman’s alphabet;
Why is he styled
In folly’s catalogue, distressful lunatic?

TO MILITARY PROGRESS

YOU use your mind
Like a millstone to grind
Chaff.
You polish it
And with your warped wit
Laugh

At your torso,
Prostrate where the crow
Falls
On such faint hearts
As its god imparts,
Calls

And claps its wings
Till the tumult brings
More
Black minute-men
To revive again,
War

At little cost.
They cry for the lost
Head
And seek their prize
Till the evening sky's
Red.

AN EGYPTIAN PULLED GLASS BOTTLE IN
THE SHAPE OF A FISH

HERE we have thirst
And patience from the first,
And art, as in a wave held up for us to see
In its essential perpendicularity;

Not brittle but
Intense—the spectrum, that
Spectacular and nimble animal the fish,
Whose scales turn aside the sun's sword with their polish.

TO A STEAM ROLLER

THE illustration
is nothing to you without the application.
You lack half wit. You crush all the particles down
into close conformity, and then walk back and forth
on them.

Sparkling chips of rock
are crushed down to the level of the parent block.
Were not "impersonal judgment in æsthetic
matters, a metaphysical impossibility," you

might fairly achieve
it. As for butterflies, I can hardly conceive
of one's attending upon you, but to question
the congruence of the complement is vain, if it exists.

DILIGENCE IS TO MAGIC AS PROGRESS IS TO FLIGHT

WITH an elephant to ride upon—"with rings on her
fingers and bells on her toes,"

she shall outdistance calamity anywhere she goes.

Speed is not in her mind inseparable from carpets. Locomo-
tion arose

in the shape of an elephant; she clambered up and chose
to travel laboriously. So far as magic carpets are concerned,
she knows

that although the semblance of speed may attach to scare-
crows

of æsthetic procedure, the substance of it is embodied in
such of those

tough-grained animals as have outstripped man's whim
to suppose

them ephemera, and have earned that fruit of their ability
to endure blows,

which dubs them prosaic necessities—not curios.

TO A SNAIL

IF "compression is the first grace of style,"
you have it. Contractility is a virtue
as modesty is a virtue.
It is not the acquisition of any one thing
that is able to adorn,
or the incidental quality that occurs
as a concomitant of something well said,
that we value in style,
but the principle that is hid:
in the absence of feet, "a method of conclusions";
"a knowledge of principles,"
in the curious phenomenon of your occipital horn.

“THE BRICKS ARE FALLEN DOWN, WE WILL
BUILD WITH HEWN STONES. THE SYCA-
MORES ARE CUT DOWN, WE WILL
CHANGE TO CEDARS.”

IN what sense shall we be able to
secure to ourselves peace and do as they did—
who, when they were not able to rid
themselves of war, cast out fear?

They did not say: “We shall not be brought
into subjection by the naughtiness of the sea;
though we have ‘defeated ourselves with
false balances’ and laid weapons in the scale,
glory shall spring from in-glory; hail,
flood, earthquake, and famine shall
not intimidate us nor shake the
foundations of our inalienable energy.”

GEORGE MOORE

IN speaking of 'aspiration,'
From the recesses of a pen more dolorous than blackness,
Were you presenting us with one more form of im-
perturbable French drollery,
Or was it self directed banter?
Habitual ennui
Took from you, your invisible hot helmet of
anæmia
While you were filling your little glass from the
decanter
Of a transparent-murky, would-be-truthful
"hobohemia"—
And then facetiously
Went off with it? Your soul's supplanter,
The spirit of good narrative, flatters you, convinced
that in reporting briefly
One choice incident, you have known beauty other than
that of stys, on
Which to fix your admiration.

“NOTHING WILL CURE THE SICK LION BUT
TO EAT AN APE”

PERCEIVING that in the masked ball
attitude, there is a hollowness
that beauty's light momentum can't redeem,
since disproportionate satisfaction anywhere
lacks a proportionate air,

he let us know without offense
by his hands' denunciatory
upheaval, that he despised the fashion
of curing us with an ape—making it his care
to smother us with fresh air.

TO THE PEACOCK OF FRANCE

IN "taking charge of your possessions when you saw them,"
you became a golden jay.

Scaramouche said you charmed his charm away,

But not his colour? Yes, his colour when you liked.

Of chiselled setting and black-opalescent dye,

You were the jewelry of sense;

Of sense, not license; you but trod the pace

Of liberty in market-place

And court. Molière,

The huggermugger repertory of your first ad-
venture, is your own affair.

"Anchorites do not dwell in theatres," and peacocks do not
flourish in a cell.

Why make distinctions? The results were well

When you were on the boards; nor were your triumphs
bought

At horrifying sacrifice of stringency.

You hated sham; you ranted up

And down through the conventions of excess;

Nor did the King love you the less

Nor did the world,

In whose chief interest and for whose spontane-
ous delight, your broad tail was unfurled.

IN THIS AGE OF HARD TRYING,
NONCHALANCE IS GOOD AND

“**R**EALLY, it is not the
business of the gods to bake clay pots.” They did not
do it in this instance. A few
revolved upon the axes of their worth
as if excessive popularity might be a pot;

they did not venture the
profession of humility. The polished wedge
that might have split the firmament
was dumb. At last it threw itself away
and falling down, conferred on some poor fool, a privi-
lege.

“Taller by the length of
a conversation of five hundred years than all
the others,” there was one, whose tales
of what could never have been actual—
were better than the haggish, uncompanionable drawl

of certitude; his by-
play was more terrible in its effectiveness
than the fiercest frontal attack.
The staff, the bag, the feigned inconsequence
of manner, best bespeak that weapon, self protectiveness.

TO STATECRAFT EMBALMED

THERE is nothing to be said for you. Guard
Your secret. Conceal it under your hard
Plumage, necromancer.

O

Bird, whose tents were "awnings of Egyptian
Yarn," shall Justice' faint, zigzag inscription—
Leaning like a dancer—

Show

The pulse of its once vivid sovereignty?
You say not, and transmigrating from the
Sarcophagus, you wind

Snow

Silence round us and with moribund talk,
Half limping and half ladified, you stalk
About. Ibis, we find

No

Virtue in you—alive and yet so dumb.
Discreet behavior is not now the sum
Of statesmanlike good sense.

Though

It were the incarnation of dead grace?
As if a death mask ever could replace
Life's faulty excellence!

Slow

To remark the steep, too strict proportion
Of your throne, you'll see the wrenched distortion
Of suicidal dreams

Go

Staggering toward itself and with its bill,
Attack its own identity, until
Foe seems friend and friend seems
Foe.

POETRY

I TOO, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers that there is in

it after all, a place for the genuine.

Hands that can grasp, eyes

that can dilate, hair that can rise

if it must, these things are important not because a

high sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are

useful; when they become so derivative as to become unintelligible,

the same thing may be said for all of us, that we

do not admire what

we cannot understand: the bat,

holding on upside down or in quest of something to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf under

a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse that feels a flea, the base-

ball fan, the statistician—

nor is it valid

to discriminate against “business documents and

school-books”; all these phenomena are important. One must make a distinction

however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the result is not poetry,

nor till the poets among us can be

“literalists of

the imagination”—above

insolence and triviality and can present

POETRY

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them,
shall we have

it. In the meantime, if you demand on one hand,
the raw material of poetry in
all its rawness and
that which is on the other hand
genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

THE PAST IS THE PRESENT

IF external action is effete
and rhyme is outmoded,
I shall revert to you,
Habakkuk, as on a recent occasion I was goaded
into doing, by XY, who was speaking of unrhymed
verse.
This man said—I think that I repeat
his identical words:
“Hebrew poetry is
prose with a sort of heightened consciousness. ‘Ecstasy
affords
the occasion and expediency determines the form’.”

PEDANTIC LITERALIST

PRINCE RUPERT'S drop, paper muslin ghost,
White torch—"with power to say unkind
Things with kindness, and the most
Irritating things in the midst of love and
Tears," you invite destruction.

You are like the meditative man
With the perfunctory heart; its
Carved cordiality ran
To and fro at first like an inlaid and royal
Immutable production;

Then afterward "neglected to be
Painful, deluding him with
Loitering formality,"
"Doing its duty as if it did it not,"
Presenting an obstruction

To the motive that it served. What stood
Erect in you has withered. A
Little "palm tree of turned wood"
Informs your once spontaneous core in its
Immutable production.

“HE WROTE THE HISTORY BOOK”

THERE! You shed a ray
of whimsicality on a mask of profundity so
terrific, that I have been dumbfounded by
it oftener than I care to say.

The book? Titles are chaff.

Authentically

brief and full of energy, you contribute to your father's
legibility and are sufficiently
synthetic. Thank you for showing me
your father's autograph.

CRITICS AND CONNOISSEURS

THERE is a great amount of poetry in unconscious fastidiousness. Certain Ming products, imperial floor coverings of coach wheel yellow, are well enough in their way but I have seen something that I like better—a mere childish attempt to make an imperfectly ballasted animal stand up, similar determination to make a pup eat his meat on the plate.

I remember a swan under the willows in Oxford with flamingo colored, maple-leaflike fleet. It reconnoitered like a battle ship. Disbelief and conscious fastidiousness were the staple ingredients in its disinclination to move. Finally its hardihood was not proof against its proclivity to more fully appraise such bits of food as the stream

bore counter to it; it made away with what I gave it to eat. I have seen this swan and I have seen you; I have seen ambition without understanding in a variety of forms. Happening to stand by an ant hill, I have seen a fastidious ant carrying a stick, north, south, east, west, till it turned on itself, struck out from the flower bed into the lawn, and returned to the point

CRITICS AND CONNOISSEURS

from which it had started. Then abandoning the stick as
useless and overtaxing its
jaws with a particle of whitewash pill-like but
heavy, it again went through the same course of pro-
cedure. What is
there in being able
to say that one has dominated the stream in an
attitude of self defense,
in proving that one has had the experience
of carrying a stick?

TO BE LIKED BY YOU WOULD BE
A CALAMITY

“**A**TTACK is more piquant than concord,” but when
You tell me frankly that you would like to feel
My flesh beneath your feet,
I’m all abroad; I can but put my weapon up, and
Bow you out.

Gesticulation—it is half the language.

Let unsheathed gesticulation be the steel

Your courtesy must meet,

Since in your hearing words are mute, which to my
senses

Are a shout.

LIKE A BULRUSH

Or the spike
of a channel marker or the
moon, he superintended the demolition of his image in
the water by the wind; he did not strike

them at the
time as being different from
any other inhabitant of the water; it was as if he
were a seal in the combined livery

of bird plus
snake; it was as if he knew that
the penguins were not fish and as if in their bat blindness,
they did not
realize that he was amphibious.

SOJOURN IN THE WHALE

TRYING to open locked doors with a sword, threading
the points of needles, planting shade trees
upside down; swallowed by the opaqueness of one whom
the seas
love better than they love you, Ireland—

you have lived and lived on every kind of shortage.
You have been compelled by hags to spin
gold thread from straw and have heard men say: "There
is a feminine
temperament in direct contrast to

ours which makes her do these things. Circumscribed by a
heritage of blindness and native
incompetence, she will become wise and will be forced
to give
in. Compelled by experience, she

will turn back; water seeks its own level": and you
have smiled. "Water in motion is far
from level." You have seen it when obstacles happened
to bar
the path—rise automatically.

MY APISH COUSINS

Winked too much and were afraid of snakes. The
zebras, supreme in
their abnormality; the elephants with their fog-colored skin
and strictly practical appendages
were there, the small cats; and the parrakeet—
trivial and humdrum on examination, destroying
bark and portions of the food it could not eat.

I recall their magnificence, now not more magnificent
than it is dim. It is difficult to recall the ornament,
speech, and precise manner of what one might
call the minor acquaintances twenty
years back; but I shall not forget him—that Gilga-
mesh among
the hairy carnivora—that cat with the

wedge-shaped, slate-gray marks on its forelegs and the reso-
lute tail,
astringently remarking: "They have imposed on us with
their pale
half fledged protestations, trembling about
in inarticulate frenzy, saying
it is not for us to understand art; finding it
all so difficult, examining the thing

as if it were inconceivably arcanic, as symmet-
rically frigid as if it had been carved out of chrysoprase
or marble—strict with tension, malignant
in its power over us and deeper
than the sea when it proffers flattery in exchange
for hemp,
rye, flax, horses, platinum, timber, and fur."

ROSES ONLY

YOU do not seem to realise that beauty is a liability rather than an asset—that in view of the fact that spirit creates form we are justified in supposing that you must have brains. For you, a symbol of the unit, stiff and sharp, conscious of surpassing by dint of native superiority and liking for everything self-dependent, anything an

ambitious civilisation might produce: for you, unaided to attempt through sheer reserve, to confute presumptions resulting from observation, is idle. You cannot make us think you a delightful happen-so. But rose, if you are brilliant, it is not because your petals are the without-which-nothing of pre-eminence. You would, minus thorns, look like a what-is-this, a mere

peculiarity. They are not proof against a worm, the elements, or mildew but what about the predatory hand? What is brilliance without co-ordination? Guarding the infinitesimal pieces of your mind, compelling audience to the remark that it is better to be forgotten than to be remembered too violently, your thorns are the best part of you.

REINFORCEMENTS

THE vestibule to experience is not to
be exalted into epic grandeur. These men are going
to their work with this idea, advancing like a school of fish
through

still water—waiting to change the course or dismiss
the idea of movement, till forced to. The words of the
Greeks
ring in our ears, but they are vain in comparison with a sight
like this.

The pulse of intention does not move so that one
can see it, and moral machinery is not labelled, but
the future of time is determined by the power of volition.

THE FISH

Wade
through black jade
Of the crow-blue mussel shells, one
keeps
adjusting the ash heaps;
opening and shutting itself like

an
injured fan.
The barnacles which encrust the
side
of the wave, cannot hide
there for the submerged shafts of the

sun,
split like spun
glass, move themselves with spotlight swift-
ness
into the crevices—
in and out, illuminating

the
turquoise sea
of bodies. The water drives a
wedge
of iron through the iron edge
of the cliff, whereupon the stars,

pink
rice grains, ink
bespattered jelly-fish, crabs like
green
lilies and submarine
toadstools, slide each on the other.

THE FISH

All

external

marks of abuse are present on
this
defiant edifice—
all the physical features of

ac-

cident—lack

of cornice, dynamite grooves, burns
and
hatchet strokes, these things stand
out on it; the chasm side is

dead.

Repeated

evidence has proved that it can
live
on what cannot revive
its youth. The sea grows old in it.

BLACK EARTH

OPENLY, yes,
with the naturalness
of the hippopotamus or the alligator
when it climbs out on the bank to experience the

sun, I do these
things which I do, which please
no one but myself. Now I breathe and now I am submerged; the blemishes stand up and shout when the object

in view was a
renaissance; shall I say
the contrary? The sediment of the river which
encrusts my joints, makes me very gray but I am used

to it, it may
remain there; do away
with it and I am myself done away with, for the
patina of circumstance can but enrich what was

there to begin
with. This elephant skin
which I inhabit, fibred over like the shell of
the cocoanut, this piece of black glass through which no
light

can filter—cut
into checkers by rut
upon rut of unpreventable experience—
it is a manual for the peanut-tongued and the

BLACK EARTH

hairy toed. Black
but beautiful, my back
 is full of the history of power. Of power? What
 is powerful and what is not? My soul shall never

be cut into
by a wooden spear; through-
 out childhood to the present time, the unity of
 life and death has been expressed by the circumference

described by my
trunk; nevertheless, I
 perceive feats of strength to be inexplicable after
 all; and I am on my guard; external poise, it

has its centre
well nurtured—we know
 where—in pride, but spiritual poise, it has its centre
 where?
My ears are sensitized to more than the sound of

the wind. I see
and I hear, unlike the
 wandlike body of which one hears so much, which was
 made
 to see and not to see; to hear and not to hear;

that tree trunk without
roots, accustomed to shout
 its own thoughts to itself like a shell, maintained intact
 by one who knows what strange pressure of the atmos-
 phere; that

spiritual
brother to the coral
 plant, absorbed into which, the equable sapphire light
 becomes a nebulous green. The I of each is to

BLACK EARTH

the I of each,
a kind of fretful speech
 which sets a limit on itself; the elephant is?
 Black earth preceded by a tendril? It is to that

phenomenon
the above formation,
 translucent like the atmosphere—a cortex merely—
 that on which darts cannot strike decisively the first

time, a substance
needful as an instance
 of the indestructibility of matter; it
 has looked at the electricity and at the earth-

quake and is still
here; the name means thick. Will
 depth be depth, thick skin be thick, to one who can see no
 beautiful element of unreason under it?

RADICAL

TAPERING

to a point, conserving everything,
this carrot is predestined to be thick.

The world is

but a circumstance, a mis-

erable corn-patch for its feet. With ambition, im-
agination, outgrowth,

nutriment,

with everything crammed belligerent-

ly inside itself, its fibres breed mon-
opoly—

a tail-like, wedge-shaped engine with the

secret of expansion, fused with intensive heat to
color of the set-

ting sun and

stiff. For the man in the straw hat, stand-

ing still and turning to look back at it,
as much as

to say my happiest moment has

been funereal in comparison with this, the condi-
tions of life pre-

determined

slavery to be easy and freedom hard. For

it? Dismiss

agrarian lore; it tells him this:

that which it is impossible to force, it is impossible
to hinder.

IN THE DAYS OF PRISMATIC COLOR

Not in the days of Adam and Eve but when Adam
was alone; when there was no smoke and color was
fine, not with the fineness of
early civilization art but by virtue
of its originality; with nothing to modify it but the

mist that went up, obliqueness was a varia-
tion of the perpendicular, plain to see and
to account for: it is no
longer that; nor did the blue red yellow band
of incandescence that was color keep its stripe: it also is one of

those things into which much that is peculiar can be
read; complexity is not a crime but carry
it to the point of murki-
ness and nothing is plain. complexity
moreover, that has been committed to darkness, instead of
granting it-

self to be the pestilence that it is, moves all a-
bout as if to bewilder us with the dismal
fallacy that insistence
is the measure of achievement and that all
truth must be dark. Principally throat, sophistication is as
it al-

ways has been—at the antipodes from the init-
ial great truths. "Part of it was crawling, part of it
was about to crawl, the rest
was torpid in its lair." In the short legged, fit-
ful advance, the gurgling and all the minutiae—we have the
classic

IN THE DAYS OF PRISMATIC COLOR

multitude of feet. To what purpose! Truth is no Apollo
Belvedere, no formal thing. The wave may go over it
if it likes.

Know that it will be there when it says:

“I shall be there when the wave has gone by.”

PETER

STRONG and slippery, built for the midnight grass-party
confronted by four cats,
he sleeps his time away—the detached first claw on his
foreleg which corresponds
to the thumb, retracted to its tip; the small tuft of fronds
or katydid legs above each eye, still numbering the
units in each group;
the shadbones regularly set about his mouth, to
droop or rise

in unison like the porcupine's quills—motionless. He lets
himself be flat-
tened out by gravity, as it were a piece of seaweed ramed
and weakened by
exposure to the sun; compelled when extended, to lie
stationary. Sleep is the result of his delusion that one
must do as
well as one can for oneself; sleep—epitome of
what is to

him as to the average person, the end of life. Demonstrate
on him how
the lady caught the dangerous southern snake, placing a
forked stick on either
side of its innocuous neck; one need not try to stir
him up; his prune shaped head and alligator eyes are
not a party to the
joke. Lifted and handled, he may be dangled like
an eel or set

PETER

up on the forearm like a mouse; his eyes bisected by pupils
of a pin's
width, are flickeringly exhibited, then covered up. May
be? I should say,
might have been; when he has been got the better of in a
dream—as in a fight with nature or with cats—we all
know it. Profound sleep is
not with him, a fixed illusion. Springing about with
froglike ac-

curacy, emitting jerky cries when taken in the hand, he is
himself
again; to sit caged by the rungs of a domestic chair would
be unprofit-
able—human. What is the good of hypocrisy? It
is permissible to choose one's employment, to abandon
the wire nail, the
roly-poly, when it shows signs of being no longer
a pleas-

ure, to score the adjacent magazine with a double line of
strokes. He can
talk, but insolently says nothing. What of it? When one
is frank, one's very
presence is a compliment. It is clear that he can see
the virtue of naturalness, that he is one of thoes who
do not regard
the published fact as a surrender. As for the dispo-
sition

invariably to affront, an animal with claws wants to have
to use
them; that eel-like extension of trunk into tail is not an
accident. To
leap, to lengthen out, divide the air—to purloin, to pursue,
to tell the hen: fly over the fence, go in the wrong way
—in your perturba-
tion—this is life; to do less would be nothing but
dishonesty.

DOCK RATS

THERE are human beings who seem to regard the place
as craftily
as we do—who seem to feel that it is a good place to
come
home to. On what a river; wide—twinkling like a
chopped sea under some
of the finest shipping in the

world: the square-rigged four-rigged four-master, the liner,
the battleship like the two-
thirds submerged section of an iceberg; the tug
dipping and pushing, the bell striking as it comes; the
steam yacht, lying
like a new made arrow on the

stream; the ferry-boat—a head assigned, one to each com-
partment, making
a row of chessmen set for play. When the wind is from
the east,
the smell is of apples, of hay; the aroma increased and
decreased
as the wind changes;

of rope, of mountain leaves for florists; as from the west,
it is aromatic of salt. Occasionally a parrakeet
from Brazil, arrives claspings and clawing; or a monkey
—tail and feet
in readiness for an over-

DOCK RATS

ture; all arms and tail; how delightful! There is the sea,
moving the bulk-
head with its horse strength; and the multiplicity of
rudders
and propellers; the signals, shrill, questioning, peremp-
tory, diverse;
the wharf cats and the barge dogs; it

is easy to overestimate the value of such things. One does
not live in such a place from motives of expediency
but because to one who has been accustomed to it, shipping
is the
most interesting thing in the world.

PICKING AND CHOOSING'

LITERATURE is a phase of life: if
one is afraid of it, the situation is irremediable; if
one approaches it familiarly,
what one says of it is worthless. Words are constructive
when they are true; the opaque allusion—the simulated
flight

upward—accomplishes nothing. Why cloud the fact
that Shaw is selfconscious in the field of sentiment but is
otherwise re-
warding? that James is all that has been
said of him, if *feeling* is profound? It is not Hardy
the distinguished novelist and Hardy the poet, but one man

“interpreting life through the medium of the
emotions.” If he must give an opinion, it is permissible
that the

critic should know what he likes. Gordon

Craig with his “this is I” and “this is mine,” with his
three

wise men, his “sad French greens” and his Chinese cherries—

Gordon Craig, so
inclinalional and unashamed—has carried

the precept of being a good critic, to the last extreme;
and Burke is a

psychologist—of acute, raccoon-

like curiosity. *Summa diligentia*;
to the humbug, whose name is so amusing—very young
and ve-

PICKING AND CHOOSING

ry rushed, Cæsar crossed the Alps on the “top of a
diligence.” We are not daft about the meaning but this
familiarity
with wrong meanings puzzles one. Humming-
bug, the candles are not wired for electricity.
Small dog, going over the lawn, nipping the linen and saying
that you have a badger—remember Xenophon;
only the most rudimentary sort of behaviour is necessary
to put us on the scent; a right good
salvo of barks,” a few “strong wrinkles” puckering the
skin between the ears, are all we ask.

ENGLAND

With its baby rivers and little towns, each with its abbey
or its cathedral,
with voices—one voice perhaps, echoing through the transept—the
criterion of suitability and convenience: and Italy with its
equal
shores—contriving an epicureanism from which the
grossness has been

extracted: and Greece with its goats and its gourds, the nest
of modified illusions:

and France, the “chrysalis of the nocturnal butterfly” in
whose products, mystery of construction diverts one from
what was originally one’s
object—substance at the core: and the East with its
snails, its emotional

shorthand and jade cockroaches, its rock crystal and its imperturbability,

all of museum quality: and America where there
is the little old ramshackle victoria in the south, where cigars
are smoked on the
street in the north; where there are no proof readers,
no silkworms, no digressions;

the wild man’s land; grass-less, links-less, language-less
country in which letters are written
not in Spanish, not in Greek, not in Latin, not in shorthand

but in plain American which cats and dogs can read! The
letter “a” in psalm and calm when
pronounced with the sound of “a” in candle, is very
noticeable but

ENGLAND

why should continents of misapprehension have to be accounted for by the

fact? Does it follow that because there are poisonous toadstools

which resemble mushrooms, both are dangerous? In the case of mettlesomeness which may be

mistaken for appetite, of heat which may appear to be haste, no con-

clusions may be drawn. To have misapprehended the matter, is to have confessed

that one has not looked far enough. The sublimated wisdom

of China, Egyptian discernment, the cataclysmic torrent of emotion compressed

in the verbs of the Hebrew language, the books of the man who is able

to say, "I envy nobody but him and him only, who catches more fish than

I do,"—the flower and fruit of all that noted superiority—should one not have stumbled upon it in America, must one imagine

that it is not there? It has never been confined to one locality.

WHEN I BUY PICTURES

Or what is closer to the truth,
when I look at that of which I may regard myself as the
imaginary possessor,
I fix upon what would give me pleasure in my average moments:

the satire upon curiosity in which no more is discernible than
the intensity of the mood;
or quite the opposite—the old thing, the mediæval decorated
hat-box,

in which there are hounds with waists diminishing like the
waist of the hourglass

and deer and birds and seated people;

it may be no more than a square of parquetry; the literal
biography perhaps,

in letters standing well apart upon a parchment-like expanse;
an artichoke in six varieties of blue; the snipe-legged hiero-
glyphic in three parts;

the silver fence protecting Adam's grave, or Michael taking
Adam by the wrist.

Too stern an intellectual emphasis upon this quality or that,
detracts from one's enjoyment;

it must not wish to disarm anything; nor may the approved
triumph easily be honored—

that which is great because something else is small.

It comes to this: of whatever sort it is,

it must be "lit with piercing glances into the life of things";

it must acknowledge the spiritual forces which have made it.

A GRAVE

MAN looking into the sea,
taking the view from those who have as much right
to it as you have to it yourself,
it is human nature to stand in the middle of a thing
but you cannot stand in the middle of this:
the sea has nothing to give but a well excavated grave.
The firs stand in a procession, each with an emerald turkey-
foot at the top,
reserved as their contours, saying nothing;
repression, however, is not the most obvious characteristic of
the sea;
the sea is a collector, quick to return a rapacious look.
There are others besides you who have worn that look—
whose expression is no longer a protest; the fish no longer
investigate them
for their bones have not lasted:
men lower nets, unconscious of the fact that they are dese-
crating a grave,
and row quickly away—the blades of the oars
moving together like the feet of water-spiders as if there
were no such thing as death.
The wrinkles progress upon themselves in a phalanx—beau-
tiful under networks of foam,
and fade breathlessly while the sea rustles in and out of the
seaweed;
the birds swim through the air at top speed, emitting cat-
calls as heretofore—
the tortoise-shell scourges about the feet of the cliffs, in mo-
tion beneath them
and the ocean, under the pulsation of lighthouse and noise
of bell-buoys,
advances as usual, looking as if it were not that ocean in
which dropped things are bound to sink—
in which if they turn and twist, it is neither with volition
nor consciousness.

THOSE VARIOUS SCALPELS

THOSE
various sounds consistently indistinct, like intermingled
echoes
struck from thin glasses successively at random—the
inflection disguised: your hair, the tails of two
fighting-cocks head to head in stone—like sculptured
scimitars re-
peating the curve of your ears in reverse order: your
eyes,
flowers of ice

and
snow sown by tearing winds on the cordage of disabled
ships: your raised hand
an ambiguous signature: your cheeks, those rosettes
of blood on the stone floors of French châteaux, with
regard to which the guides are so affirmative:
your other hand

a
bundle of lances all alike, partly hid by emeralds from
Persia
and the fractional magnificence of Florentine
goldwork—a collection of half a dozen little objects
made fine
with enamel in gray, yellow, and dragon fly blue; a
lemon, a

THOSE VARIOUS SCALPELS

pear

and three bunches of grapes, tied with silver: your dress, a
magnificent square

cathedral of uniform

and at the same time, diverse appearance—a species of
vertical vineyard rustling in the storm

of conventional opinion. Are they weapons or scalpels?

Whetted

to

brilliance by the hard majesty of that sophistication which
is su-

perior to opportunity, these things are rich

instruments with which to experiment but surgery is

not tentative. Why dissect destiny with instruments
which

are more highly specialized than the tissues of destiny
itself?

THE LABORS OF HERCULES

TO popularize the mule, its neat exterior
expressing the principle of accommodation reduced to a
minimum:
to persuade one of austere taste, proud in the possession of
home, and a musician—
that the piano is a free field for etching; that his “charm-
ing tadpole notes”
belong to the past when one had time to play them:
to persuade those self-wrought Midases of brains
whose fourteen-karat ignorance aspires to rise in value
“till the sky is the limit,”
that excessive conduct augurs disappointment,
that one must not borrow a long white beard and tie it on
and threaten with the scythe of time, the casually curious:
to teach the bard with too elastic a selectiveness
that one detects creative power by its capacity to conquer
one’s detachment;
that while it may have more elasticity than logic,
it knows where it is going;
it flies along in a straight line like electricity
depopulating areas that boast of their remoteness:
to prove to the high priests of caste
that snobbishness is a stupidity,
the best side out, of age-old toadyism,
kissing the feet of the man above,
kicking the face of the man below:
to teach the patron-saints-to-atheists, the Coliseum
meet-me-alone-by-moonlight maudlin troubadour
that kickups for catstrings are not life

THE LABORS OF HERCULES

nor yet appropriate to death—that we are sick of the earth,
sick of the pig-stye, wild geese and wild men:
to convince snake-charming controversialists
that it is one thing to change one's mind,
another to eradicate it—that one keeps on knowing
“that the negro is not brutal,
that the Jew is not greedy,
that the Oriental is not immoral,
that the German is not a Hun.”

NEW YORK

The savage's romance,
accreted where we need the space for commerce—
the centre of the wholesale fur trade,
starred with tepees of ermine and peopled with foxes,
the long guard-hairs waving two inches beyond the body of
the pelt;
the ground dotted with deer-skins—white with white spots
“as satin needlework in a single color may carry a varied
pattern,”
and wilting eagles' down compacted by the wind;
and picardels of beaver skin; white ones alert with snow.
It is a far cry from the “queen full of jewels”
and the beau with the muff,
from the gilt coach shaped like a perfume bottle,
to the conjunction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny,
and the scholastic philosophy of the wilderness
to combat which one must stand outside and laugh
since to go in is to be lost.
It is not the dime-novel exterior,
Niagara Falls, the calico horses and the war canoe;
it is not that “if the fur is not finer than such as one sees
others wear,
one would rather be without it—”
that estimated in raw meat and berries, we could feed the
universe;
it is not the atmosphere of ingenuity,
the otter, the beaver, the puma skins
without shooting-irons or dogs;
it is not the plunder,
it is the “accessibility to experience.”

PEOPLE'S SURROUNDINGS

They answer one's questions:
a deal table compact with the wall;
in this dried bone of arrangement,
one's "natural promptness" is compressed, not crowded out;
one's style is not lost in such simplicity:

the palace furniture, so old fashioned, so old fashionable;
Sèvres china and the fireplace dogs—
bronze dromios with pointed ears, as obsolete as pugs;
one has one's preference in the matter of bad furniture
and this is not one's choice:

the vast indestructible necropolis
of composite Yawman-Erbe separable units;
the steel, the oak, the glass, the Poor Richard publications
containing the public secrets of efficiency
on "paper so thin that one thousand four hundred and
twenty pages make one inch,"
exclaiming so to speak, When you take my time, you take
something I had meant to use:

the highway hid by fir trees in rhododendron twenty feet
deep,
the peacocks, hand-forged gates, old Persian velvet—
roses outlined in pale black on an ivory ground—
the pierced iron shadows of the cedars,
Chinese carved glass, old Waterford,
lettered ladies; landscape gardening twisted into perma-
nence:

PEOPLE'S SURROUNDINGS

straight lines over such great distances as one finds in Utah
or in Texas
where people do not have to be told
that "a good brake is as important as a good motor,"
where by means of extra sense cells in the skin,
they can like trout, smell what is coming—
those cool sirs with the explicit sensory apparatus of common
sense,
who know the exact distance between two points as the crow
flies;
there is something attractive about a mind that moves in a
straight line—
the municipal bat-roost of mosquito warfare, concrete
statuary,
medicaments for "instant beauty" in the hands of all,
and that live wire, the American string quartette:

and Bluebeard's tower above the coral reefs,
the magic mousetrap closing on all points of the compass,
capping like petrified surf, the furious azure of the bay
where there is no dust and life is like a lemon-leaf,
a green piece of tough translucent parchment,
where the crimson, the copper, and the Chinese vermilion of
the poincianas
set fire to the masonry and turquoise blues refute the clock;
this dungeon with odd notions of hospitality,
with its "chessmen carved out of moonstones,"
its mocking-birds, fringed lilies, and hibiscus,
its black butterflies with blue half circles on their wings,
tan goats with onyx ears, its lizards glittering and without
thickness
like splashes of fire and silver on the pierced turquoise of
the lattices
and the acacia-like lady shivering at the touch of a hand,
lost in a small collision of the orchids—
dyed quicksilver let fall

PEOPLE'S SURROUNDINGS

to disappear like an obedient chameleon in fifty shades of
mauve and amethyst:
here where the mind of this establishment has come to the
conclusion
that it would be impossible to revolve about one's self too
much,
sophistication has like "an escalator," "cut the nerve of pro-
gress."

In these noncommittal, personal-impersonal expressions of
appearance,
the eye knows what to skip;
the physiognomy of conduct must not reveal the skeleton;
"a setting must not have the air of being one"
yet with x-raylike inquisitive intensity upon it, the surfaces
go back;
the interfering fringes of expression are but a stain on what
stands out,
there is neither up nor down to it;
we see the exterior and the fundamental structure—
captains of armies, cooks, carpenters,
cutlers, gamesters, surgeons and armourers,
lapidaries, silkmen, glovers, fiddlers and ballad-singers,
sextons of churches, dyers of black cloth, hostlers and chim-
ney-sweeps,
queens, countesses, ladies, emperors, travellers and mariners,
dukes, princes and gentlemen
in their respective places—
camps, forges and battlefields,
conventions, oratories and wardrobes,
dens, deserts, railway stations, asylums and places where
engines are made,
shops, prisons, brickyards and altars of churches—
in magnificent places clean and decent,
castles, palaces, dining-halls, theatres and imperial audience-
chambers.

SNAKES, MONGOOSES, SNAKE-CHARMERS, AND THE LIKE

I HAVE a friend who would give a price for those long fingers all of one length—
those hideous bird's claws, for that exotic asp and the mon-
goose—

products of the country in which everything is hard work,
the country of the grass-getter,
the torch-bearer, the dog-servant, the message-bearer, the
holy-man.

Engrossed in this distinguished worm nearly as wild and as
fierce as the day it was captured,
he gazes as if incapable of looking at anything with a view
to analysis.

"The slight snake rippling quickly through the grass,
the leisurely tortoise with its pied back,
the chameleon passing from twig to stone, from stone to
straw,"

lit his imagination at one time; his admiration now con-
verges upon this:

thick, not heavy, it stands up from its travelling-basket,
the essentially Greek, the plastic animal, all of a piece from
nose to tail;

one is compelled to look at it as at the shadows of the alps
imprisoning in their folds like flies in amber, the rhythms of
the skating-rink.

This animal to which from the earliest times, importance
has attached,

fine as its worshippers have said—for what was it invented?
To show that when intelligence in its pure form
has embarked on a train of thought which is unproductive, it
will come back?

We do not know; the only positive thing about it is its shape,
but why protest?

The passion for setting people right is in itself an afflictive
disease.

Distaste which takes no credit to itself is best.

BOWLS

On the green
with lignum vitae balls and ivory markers,
the pins planted in wild duck formation,
and quickly dispersed:
by this survival of ancient punctilio
in the manner of Chinese lacquer carving,
layer after layer exposed by certainty of touch and unhurried
incision
so that only so much color shall be revealed as is necessary
to the picture
I learn that we are precisians—
not citizens of Pompeii arrested in action
as a cross section of one's correspondence would seem to
imply.
Renouncing a policy of boorish indifference
to everything that has been said since the days of Matilda,
I shall purchase an Etymological Dictionary of Modern
English
that I may understand what is written
and like the ant and the spider
returning from time to time to headquarters,
shall answer the question
as to "why I like winter better than I like summer"
and acknowledge that it does not make me sick
to look modern playwrights and poets and novelists straight
in the face—
that I feel just the same;
and I shall write to the publisher of the magazine
which will "appear the first day of the month
and disappear before one has had time to buy it
unless one takes proper precaution,"
and make an effort to please—
since he who gives quickly gives twice
in nothing so much as in a letter.

NOVICES

anatomize their work
in the sense in which Will Honeycomb was jilted by a
duchess,
the little assumptions of the scared ego confusing the issue
so that they do not know "whether it is the buyer or the
seller who gives the money"—
an abstruse idea plain to none but the artist,
the only seller who buys, and holds on to the money.
Because one expresses oneself and entitles it wisdom, one is
not a fool. What an idea!
"Dracontine cockatrices, perfect and poisonous from the be-
ginning,"
they present themselves as a contrast to sea-serpented regions
"unlit by the half-lights of more conscious art."
Acquiring at thirty what at sixty they will be trying to
forget,
blind to the right word, deaf to satire
which like "the smell of the cypress strengthens the nerves
of the brain,"
averse from the antique
with "that tinge of sadness about it which a reflective mind
always feels,
it is so little and so much"—
they write the sort of thing that would in their judgment
interest a lady;
curious to know if we do not adore each letter of the alpha-
bet that goes to make a word of it—
according to the Act of Congress, the sworn statement of
the treasurer and all the rest of it—
the counterpart to what we are:
stupid man; men are strong and no one pays any attention:
stupid woman; women have charm and how annoying they
can be.
Yes, "the authors are wonderful people, particularly those
that write the most,"

NOVICES

the masters of all languages, the supertadpoles of expression. Accustomed to the recurring phosphorescence of antiquity, the "much noble vagueness and indefinite jargon" of Plato, the lucid movements of the royal yacht upon the learned scenery of Egypt—

king, steward, and harper seated amidships while the jade and the rock crystal course about in solution, their suavity surmounts the surf—

the willowy wit, the transparent equation of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel.

Bored by "the detailless perspective of the sea," reiterative and naïve,

and its chaos of rocks—the stuffy remarks of the Hebrews—the good and alive young men demonstrate the assertion that it is not necessary to be associated with that which has bored one;

they have never made a statement which they found so easy to prove—

"split like a glass against a wall"

in this "precipitate of dazzling impressions, the spontaneous unforced passion of the Hebrew language—an abyss of verbs full of reverberations and tempestuous energy,"

in which action perpetuates action and angle is at variance with angle

till submerged by the general action;

obscured by "fathomless suggestions of color,"

by incessantly panting lines of green, white with concussion, in this drama of water against rocks—this "ocean of hurrying consonants"

with its "great livid stains like long slabs of green marble," its "flashing lances of perpendicular lightning and "molten fires swallowed up,"

"with foam on its barriers,"

"crashing itself out in one long hiss of spray."

MARRIAGE

THIS institution,
perhaps one should say enterprise
out of respect for which
one says one need not change one's mind
about a thing one has believed in,
requiring public promises
of one's intention
to fulfill a private obligation:
I wonder what Adam and Eve
think of it by this time,
this firegilt steel
alive with goldenness;
how bright it shows—
“of circular traditions and impostures,
committing many spoils,”
requiring all one's criminal ingenuity
to avoid!
Psychology which explains everything
explains nothing
and we are still in doubt.
Eve: beautiful woman—
I have seen her
when she was so handsome
she gave me a start,
able to write simultaneously
in three languages—
English, German and French
and talk in the meantime;
equally positive in demanding a commotion
and in stipulating quiet:

MARRIAGE

"I should like to be alone;"
to which the visitor replies,
"I should like to be alone;
why not be alone together?"
Below the incandescent stars
below the incandescent fruit,
the strange experience of beauty;
its existence is too much;
it tears one to pieces
and each fresh wave of consciousness
is poison.
"See her, see her in this common world,"
the central flaw
in that first crystal-fine experiment,
this amalgamation which can never be more
than an interesting impossibility,
describing it
as "that strange paradise
unlike flesh, gold, or stately buildings,
the choicest piece of my life:
the heart rising
in its estate of peace
as a boat rises
with the rising of the water;"
constrained in speaking of the serpent—
that shed snakeskin in the history of politeness
not to be returned to again—
that invaluable accident
exonerating Adam.
And he has beauty also;
it's distressing—the O thou
to whom, from whom,
without whom nothing—Adam;
"something feline,
something colubrine"—how true!
a crouching mythological monster

MARRIAGE

in that Persian miniature of emerald mines,
raw silk—ivory white, snow white,
oyster white and six others—
that paddock full of leopards and giraffes—
long lemonyellow bodies
sown with trapezoids of blue.
Alive with words,
vibrating like a cymbal
touched before it has been struck,
he has prophesied correctly—
the industrious waterfall,
“the speedy stream
which violently bears all before it,
at one time silent as the air
and now as powerful as the wind.”
“Treading chasms
on the uncertain footing of a spear,”
forgetting that there is in woman
a quality of mind
which is an instinctive manifestation
is unsafe,
he goes on speaking
in a formal, customary strain
of “past states,” the present state,
seals, promises,
the evil one suffered,
the good one enjoys,
hell, heaven,
everything convenient
to promote one’s joy.”
There is in him a state of mind
by force of which,
perceiving what it was not
intended that he should,
“he experiences a solemn joy
in seeing that he has become an idol.”

MARRIAGE

Plagued by the nightingale
in the new leaves,
with its silence—
not its silence but its silences,
he says of it:
"It clothes me with a shirt of fire."
"He dares not clap his hands
to make it go on
lest it should fly off;
if he does nothing, it will sleep;
if he cries out, it will not understand."
Unnerved by the nightingale
and dazzled by the apple,
impelled by "the illusion of a fire
effectual to extinguish fire,"
compared with which
the shining of the earth
is but deformity—a fire
"as high as deep as bright as broad
as long as life itself,"
he stumbles over marriage,
"a very trivial object indeed"
to have destroyed the attitude
in which he stood—
the ease of the philosopher
unfattered by a woman.
Unhelpful Hymen!
"a kind of overgrown cupid"
reduced to insignificance
by the mechanical advertising
parading as involuntary comment,
by that experiment of Adam's
with ways out but no way in—
the ritual of marriage,
augmenting all its lavishness;
its fiddle-head ferns,

MARRIAGE

lotus flowers, opuntias, white dromedaries,
its hippopotamus—
nose and mouth combined
in one magnificent hopper,
“the crested screamer—
that huge bird almost a lizard,”
its snake and the potent apple.
He tells us
that “for love
that will gaze an eagle blind,
that is like a Hercules
climbing the trees
in the garden of the Hesperides,
from forty-five to seventy
is the best age,”
commending it
as a fine art, as an experiment,
a duty or as merely recreation.
One must not call him ruffian
nor friction a calamity—
the fight to be affectionate:
“no truth can be fully known
until it has been tried
by the tooth of disputation.”
The blue panther with black eyes,
the basalt panther with blue eyes,
entirely graceful—
one must give them the path—
the black obsidian Diana
who “darkeneth her countenance
as a bear doth,
causing her husband to sigh,”
the spiked hand
that has an affection for one
and proves it to the bone,
impatient to assure you

MARRIAGE

that impatience is the mark of independence
not of bondage.

"Married people often look that way"—

"seldom and cold, up and down,

mixed and malarial

with a good day and bad."

"When do we feed?"

We occidentals are so unemotional,

we quarrel as we feed;

one's self quite lost,

the irony preserved

in "the Ahasuerus tête à tête banquet"

with its "good monster, lead the way,"

with little laughter

and munificence of humor

in that quixotic atmosphere of frankness

in which "Four o'clock does not exist

but at five o'clock

the ladies in their imperious humility

are ready to receive you";

in which experience attests

that men have power

and sometimes one is made to feel it.

He says, "What monarch would not blush

to have a wife

with hair like a shaving-brush?

The fact of woman

is not 'the sound of the flute

but every poison.' "

She says, "Men are monopolists

of stars, garters, buttons

and other shining baubles'—

unfit to be the guardians

of another person's happiness."

He says, "These mummies

must be handled carefully—

MARRIAGE

'the crumbs from a lion's meal,
a couple of shins and the bit of an ear';
turn to the letter M
and you will find
that 'a wife is a coffin,'
that severe object
with the pleasing geometry
stipulating space and not people,
refusing to be buried
and uniquely disappointing,
revengefully wrought in the attitude
of an adoring child
to a distinguished parent."
She says, "This butterfly,
this waterfly, this nomad
that has 'proposed
to settle on my hand for life.'—
What can one do with it?
There must have been more time
in Shakespeare's day
to sit and watch a play.
You know so many artists who are fools."
He says, "You know so many fools
who are not artists."
The fact forgot
that "some have merely rights
while some have obligations,"
he loves himself so much,
he can permit himself
no rival in that love.
She loves herself so much,
she cannot see herself enough—
a statuette of ivory on ivory,
the logical last touch
to an expansive splendor
earned as wages for work done:

MARRIAGE

one is not rich but poor
when one can always seem so right.
What can one do for them—
these savages
condemned to disaffect
all those who are not visionaries
alert to undertake the silly task
of making people noble?
This model of petrine fidelity
who "leaves her peaceful husband
only because she has seen enough of him"—
that orator reminding you,
"I am yours to command."
"Everything to do with love is mystery;
it is more than a day's work
to investigate this science."
One sees that it is rare—
that striking grasp of opposites
opposed each to the other, not to unity,
which in cycloid inclusiveness
has dwarfed the demonstration
of Columbus with the egg—
a triumph of simplicity—
that charitive Euroclydon
of frightening disinterestedness
which the world hates,
admitting:

"I am such a cow,
if I had a sorrow,
I should feel it a long time;
I am not one of those
who have a great sorrow
in the morning
and a great joy at noon;"

MARRIAGE

which says: "I have encountered it
among those unpretentious
protégés of wisdom,
where seeming to parade
as the debater and the Roman,
the statesmanship
of an archaic Daniel Webster
persists to their simplicity of temper
as the essence of the matter:

‘Liberty and union
now and forever;’

the book on the writing-table;
the hand in the breast-pocket.”

SILENCE

MY father used to say,
"Superior people never make long visits,
have to be shown Longfellow's grave
nor the glass flowers at Harvard.
Self reliant like the cat—
that takes its prey to privacy,
the mouse's limp tail hanging like a shoelace from its
mouth—
they sometimes enjoy solitude,
and can be robbed of speech
by speech which has delighted them.
The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence;
not in silence, but restraint."
Nor was he insincere in saying, " 'Make my house your
inn'. "
Inns are not residences.

AN OCTOPUS

Of ice. Deceptively reserved and flat,
it lies "in grandeur and in mass"
beneath a sea of shifting snow dunes;
dots of cyclamen red and maroon on its clearly defined
pseudopodia
made of glass that will bend—a much needed invention—
comprising twenty-eight ice fields from fifty to five hundred
feet thick,
of unimagined delicacy.
"Picking periwinkles from the cracks"
or killing prey with the concentric crushing rigor of the
python,
it hovers forward "spider fashion
on its arms" misleading like lace;
its "ghostly pallor changing
to the green metallic tinge of an anemone starred pool."
The fir-trees in "the magnitude of their root systems,"
rise aloof from these manœvers "creepy to behold,"
austere specimens of our American royal families,
"each like the shadow of the one beside it.
The rock seems frail compared with their dark energy of
life,"
its vermilion and onyx and manganese blue interior ex-
pensiveness
left at the mercy of the weather;
"stained transversely by iron where the water drips down,"
recognized by its plants and its animals.
Completing a circle,

AN OCTOPUS

you have been deceived into thinking that you have progressed,
under the polite needles of the larches
"hung to filter not to intercept the sunlight"—
met by tightly wattled spruce twigs
"conformed to an edge like clipped cypress
as if no branch could penetrate the cold beyond its company;"
and dumps of gold and silver ore enclosing The Goat's
Mirror—
that lady-fingerlike depression in the shape of the left human
foot,
which prejudices you in favor of itself
before you have had time to see the others;
its indigo, pea-green, blue-green, and turquoise,
from a hundred to two hundred feet deep,
"merging in irregular patches in the middle lake
where like gusts of a storm
obliterating the shadows of the firtrees, the wind makes
lanes of ripples."
What spot could have merits of equal importance
for bears, elk, deer, wolves, goats, and ducks?
Preempted by their ancestors,
this is the property of the exacting porcupine,
and of the rat "slipping along to its burrow in the swamp
or pausing on high ground to smell the heather;"
of "thoughtful beavers
making drains which seem the work of careful men with
shovels,"
and of the bears inspecting unexpectedly
ant hills and berry bushes.
Composed of calcium gems and alabaster pillars,
topaz, tourmaline crystals and amethyst quartz,
their den is somewhere else, concealed in the confusion
of "blue forests thrown together with marble and jasper and
agate

AN OCTOPUS

as if whole quarries had been dynamited.”
And farther up, in stag-at-bay position
as a scintillating fragment of these terrible stalagmites,
stands the goat,
its eye fixed on the waterfall which never seems to fall—
an endless skein swayed by the wind,
immune to force of gravity in the perspective of the peaks.
A special antelope
acclimated to “grottoes from which issue penetrating
draughts
which make you wonder why you came,”
it stands its ground
on cliffs the color of the clouds, of petrified white vapor—
black feet, eyes, nose, and horns engraved on dazzling ice-
fields,
the ermine body on the crystal peak;
the sun kindling its shoulders to maximum heat like acety-
lene, dyeing them white—
upon this antique pedestal—
“a mountain with those graceful lines which prove it a vol-
cano,”
its top a complete cone like Fujiyama’s
till an explosion blew it off.
Maintaining many minds, distinguished by a beauty
of which “the visitor dare never fully speak at home
for fear of being stoned as an imposter,”
Big Snow Mountain is the home of a diversity of creatures:
those who “have lived in hotels
but who now live in camps—who prefer to”;
the mountain guide evolving from the trapper,
“in two pairs of trousers, the outer one older,
wearing slowly away from the feet to the knees”;
“the nine-striped chipmunk
running with unmammallike agility along a log”;
the water ouzel
with “its passion for rapids and high pressured falls,”

AN OCTOPUS

building under the arch of some tiny Niagara;
the white-tailed ptarmigan" "in winter solid white,
feeding on heather bells and alpine buckwheat";
and the eleven eagles of the west,
"fond of the spring fragrance and the winter colors,"
used to the unegoistic action of the glaciers
and "several hours of frost every midsummer night."
"They make a nice appearance, don't they,"
happy seeing nothing?
Perched on treacherous lava and pumice—
those unadjusted chimney-pots and cleavers
which stipulate "names and addresses of persons to notify
in case of disaster—"
they hear the roar of ice and supervise the water
winding slowly through the cliffs,
the road "climbing like the thread
which forms the groove around a snail-shell,
doubling back and forth until where snow begins, it ends."
No "deliberate wide-eyed wistfulness" is here
among the boulders sunk in ripples and white water
where "when you hear the best wild music of the forest
it is sure to be a badger,"
the victim on some slight observatory,
of "a struggle between curiosity and caution,"
inquiring what has scared it:
a stone from the moraine descending in leaps,
another badger, or the spotted ponies with "glass eyes,"
brought up on frosty grass and flowers
and rapid draughts of ice water.
Instructed none knows how, to climb the mountain,
by "business men who as totemic scenery of Canada,
require for recreation,
three hundred and sixty-five holidays in the year,
these conspicuously spotted little horses are peculiar
hard to discern among the birch trees, ferns, and lily pads,
avalanche lilies, Indian paintbrushes,

AN OCTOPUS

bears' ears and kittentails,
and miniature cavalcades of chlorophyllless fungi
magnified in profile on the mossbeds like moonstones in the
water;
the cavalcade of calico competing
with the original American "menagerie of styles"
among the white flowers of the rhodendron surmounting
rigid leaves
upon which moisture works its alchemy,
transmuting verdure into onyx.
Larkspur, blue pincushions, blue pease, and lupin;
white flowers with white, and red with red;
the blue ones "growing close together
so that patches of them look like blue water in the distance":
this arrangement of colors
as in Persian designs of hard stones with enamel,
forms a pleasing equation—
a diamond outside and inside, a white dot;
on the outside, a ruby; inside, a red dot;
black spots balanced with black
in the woodlands where fires have run over the ground—
separated by aspens, cats' paws, and woolly sunflowers,
fireweed, asters, and Goliath thistles
"flowering at all altitudes as multiplicitous as barley,"
like pink sapphires in the pavement of the glistening plateau.
Inimical to "bristling, puny, swearing men
equipped with saws and axes,"
this treacherous glass mountain
admires gentians, ladyslippers, harebells, mountain dryads,
and "Calypso, the goat flower—
that greenish orchid fond of snow"—
anomalously nourished upon shelving glacial ledges
where climbers have not gone or have gone timidly,
"the one resting his nerves while the other advanced,"
on this volcano with the bluejay, her principal companion.
"Hopping stiffly on sharp feet" like miniature icehacks—

AN OCTOPUS

“secretive, with a look of wisdom and distinction, but a villain,
fond of human society or the crumbs that go with it,”
he knows no Greek,
“that pride producing language,”
in which “rashness is rendered innocuous, and error exposed
by the collision of knowledge with knowledge.”
“Like happy souls in Hell,” enjoying mental difficulties,
the grasshoppers of Greece
amused themselves with delicate behavior
because it was “so noble and so fair”;
not practised in adapting their intelligence
to eagle traps and snowshoes,
to alpenstocks and other toys contrived by those
“alive to the advantage of invigorating pleasures.”
Bows, arrows, oars, and paddles for which trees provide the
wood,
in new countries are more eloquent than elsewhere—
augmenting evidence for the assertion
that essentially humane,
“the forest affords wood for dwellings and by its beauty
stimulates
the moral vigor of its citizens.”
The Greeks liked smoothness, distrusting what was back
of what could not be clearly seen,
resolving with benevolent conclusiveness,
“complexities which still will be complexities
as long as the world lasts”;
ascribing what we clumsily call happiness,
to “an accident of a quality,
a spiritual substance or the soul itself,
an act, a disposition, or a habit,
or a habit infused to which the soul has been persuaded,
or something distinct from a habit, a power—”
such power as Adam had and we are still devoid of.
“Emotionally sensitive, their hearts were hard”;

AN OCTOPUS

their wisdom was remote
from that of these odd oracles of cool official sarcasm,
upon this game preserve
where "guns, nets, seines, traps and explosives,
hired vehicles, gambling and intoxicants are prohibited,
disobedient persons being summarily removed
and not allowed to return without permission in writing."

It is self evident

that it is frightful to have everything afraid of one;
that one must do as one is told
and eat "rice, prunes, dates, raisins, hardtack, and tomatoes"
if one would "conquer the main peak" of Mount Tacoma
this fossil flower concise without a shiver,
intact when it is cut,
damned for its sacrosanct remoteness—
like Henry James "damned by the public for decorum";
not decorum, but restraint;
it was the love of doing hard things
that rebuffed and wore them out—a public out of sympathy
with neatness.

Neatness of finish! Neatness of finish!

Relentless accuracy is the nature of this octopus
with its capacity for fact.

"Creeping slowly as with meditated stealth,
its arms seeming to approach from all directions,"
it receives one under winds that "tear the snow to bits
and hurl it like a sandblast,
shearing off twigs and loose bark from the trees."

Is tree the word for these strange things

"flat on the ground like vines";

some "bent in a half circle with branches on one side

suggesting dustbrushes, not trees;

some finding strength in union, forming little stunted
groves,

their flattened mats of branches shrunk in trying to escape"

AN OCTOPUS

from the hard mountain "planed by ice and polished by the
wind"—

the white volcano with no weather side;
the lightning flashing at its base,
rain falling in the valleys, and snow falling on the peak—
the glassy octopus symmetrically pointed,
its claw cut by the avalanche
"with a sound like the crack of a rifle,
in a curtain of powdered snow launched like a waterfall."

SEA UNICORNS AND LAND UNICORNS

With their respective lions—
“mighty monoceroses with immeasured tayles”—
these are those very animals
described by the cartographers of 1539,
defiantly revolving
in such a way that the hard steel
in the long keel of white exhibited in tumbling,
disperses giant weeds
and those sea snakes whose forms looped in the foam, “dis-
quiet shippers.”
Not ignorant of how a voyager obtained the horn of a sea
unicorn
to give Queen Elizabeth
who thought it worth a hundred thousand pounds,
they persevere in swimming where they like,
finding the place where lions live in herds,
strewn on the beach like stones with lesser stones—
and bears are white;
discovering Antarctica, its penguin kings and icy spires,
and Sir John Hawkins’ Florida
“abounding in land unicorns and lions,
since where the one is,
its arch enemy cannot be missing.”
Thus personalities by nature much opposed,
can be combined in such a way
that when they do agree, their unanimity is great,
“in politics, in trade, law, sport, religion,
china collecting, tennis, and church going.”

SEA UNICORNS AND LAND UNICORNS

You have remarked this fourfold combination of strange
animals,
upon embroideries,
enwrought with "polished garlands" of agreeing indifference—

thorns, "myrtle rods, and shafts of bay,"
"cobwebs, and knotts, and mulberries"
of lapislazuli and pomegranate and malachite—
Britannia's sea unicorn with its rebellious child
now ostentatiously indigenous of the new English coast
and its land lion oddly tolerant of those pacific counterparts
to it,

the water lions of the west.

This is a strange fraternity—these sea lions and land lions,
land unicorns and sea unicorns:

the lion civilly rampant,
tame and concessive like the long-tailed bear of Ecuador—
the lion standing up against this screen of woven air
which is the forest:

the unicorn also, on its hind legs in reciprocity.

A puzzle to the hunters, is this haughtiest of beasts,
to be distinguished from those born without a horn,
in use like Saint Jerome's tame lion, as domestics,
rebellious proudly at the dogs

which are dismayed by the chain lightning
playing at them from its horn—

the dogs persistent in pursuit of it as if it could be caught,
"deriving agreeable terror" from its "moonbeam throat"
on fire like its white coat and unconsumed as if of sala-
mander's skin.

So wary as to disappear for centuries and reappear,
yet never to be caught,

the unicorn has been preserved
by an unmatched device

wrought like the work of expert blacksmiths,
with which nothing can compare—

SEA UNICORNS AND LAND UNICORNS

this animal of that one horn
throwing itself upon which head foremost from a cliff,
it walks away unharmed,
proficient in this feat, which like Herodotus,
I have not seen except in pictures.
Thus this strange animal with its miraculous elusiveness,
has come to be unique,
"impossible to take alive,"
tamed only by a lady inoffensive like itself—
as curiously wild and gentle;
"as straight and slender as the crest,
or antlet of the one-beam'd beast."
Upon the printed page,
also by word of mouth,
we have a record of it all
and how, unfearful of deceit,
etched like an equine monster on an old celestial map,
beside a cloud or dress of Virgin-Mary blue,
improved "all over slightly with snakes of Venice gold,
and silver, and some O's,"
the unicorn "with pavon high," approaches eagerly;
until engrossed by what appears of this strange enemy,
upon the map, "upon her lap,"
its "mild wild head doth lie."



NOTES

TO A PRIZE BIRD, p. 13

Bernard Shaw

INJUDICIOUS GARDENING, p. 14

Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett; Harper. Vol. I, p. 513; "the yellow rose? 'Infidelity,' says the dictionary of flowers." Vol. II, p. 38: "I planted a full dozen more rose-trees, all white—to take away the yellow-rose reproach!"

FEAR IS HOPE, p. 15

"No man may him hyde": ———

TO A STRATEGIST, p. 16

Disraeli .

A FOOL, A FOUL THING, A DISTRESSFUL LUNATIC, p. 18

"Egyptian vultures"; ———

TO A STEAM ROLLER, p. 21

"impersonal judgment": Lawrence Gilman

TO A SNAIL, p. 23

"compression is the first grace of style": Democritus

"method of conclusions"; "knowledge of principles": Duns Scotus

"THE BRICKS ARE FALLEN DOWN," p. 24

Isaiah, 9:10

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GEORGE MOORE, p. 25

Vale: Appleton, 1914; p. 82. "We certainly pigged it together, pigs no doubt, but aspiring pigs."

"NOTHING WILL CURE THE SICK LION," p. 26

Carlyle

TO THE PEACOCK OF FRANCE, p. 27

"taking charge"; "anchorites"; Molière: A Biography; H. C. Chatfield-Taylor; Chatto, 1907

IN THIS AGE OF HARD TRYING, p. 28

"it is not the business of gods": Dostoievsky

POETRY, p. 30

Diary of Tolstoy; Dutton, p. 84: "Where the boundary between prose and poetry lies, I shall never be able to understand. The question is raised in manuals of style, yet the answer to it lies beyond me. Poetry is verse: prose is not verse. Or else poetry is everything with the exception of business documents and school books."

"literalists of the imagination": Yeats; Ideas of Good and Evil, 1903; William Blake and his Illustrations to The Divine Comedy; p. 182; "The limitation of his view was from the very intensity of his vision; he was a too literal realist of imagination, as others are of nature; and because he believed that the figures seen by the mind's eye, when exalted by inspiration were 'eternal existences,' symbols of divine essences, he hated every grace of style that might obscure their lineaments."

THE PAST IS THE PRESENT, p. 32

"Hebrew poetry is prose": The Reverend Edwin H. Kellogg

PEDANTIC LITERALIST, p. 33

All excerpts, from Richard Baxter: The Saints' Everlasting Rest; Lippincott, 1909

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"HE WROTE THE HISTORY BOOK," p. 34

At the age of five or six, John Andrews, son of Dr C. M. Andrews, replied when asked his name: "My name is John Andrews. My father wrote the history book."

TO BE LIKED BY YOU, p. 37

"Attack is more piquant than concord": Hardy

SOJOURN IN THE WHALE, p. 39

"water in motion is far from level": Literary Digest

MY APISH COUSINS, p. 40

An old gentleman during a game of chess: "It is difficult to recall the appearance of what one might call the minor acquaintances twenty years back."

IN THE DAYS OF PRISMATIC COLOR, p. 49

"Part of it was crawling": "Nestor; Greek Anthology; Loeb Classical Library; Vol. III, p. 129

PETER, p. 51

A black-and-white cat owned by Miss Magdalen Hueber and Miss Maria Weniger

PICKING AND CHOOSING, p. 55

feeling: T. S. Eliot; In Memory; The Little Review; August, 1918. "James's critical genius comes out most tellingly in his mastery over, his baffling escape from, Ideas; a mastery and an escape which are perhaps the last test of a superior intelligence. He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it. . . . In England ideas run wild and pasture on the emotions; instead of thinking with our feelings (a very different thing) we corrupt our feelings with ideas; we produce the political, the emotional idea, evading sensation and thought."

"sad French greens": The Compleat Angler

"top of a *diligence*": Preparatory school boy translating Cæsar; recollected by Mr E. H. Kellogg

"right good salvo of barks"; "strong wrinkles": Xenophon; Cynegeticus

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ENGLAND, p. 57

"chrysalis of the nocturnal butterfly": Erté

"I envy nobody": The Compleat Angler

WHEN I BUY PICTURES, p. 59

snipe legged hieroglyphic: Egyptian low relief in The Metropolitan Museum

"A silver fence was erected by Constantine to enclose the grave of Adam": Literary Digest, Jan. 5, 1918; a descriptive paragraph with photograph

Michael taking Adam: wash drawing by Blake; "Adam and Eve taken by Michael out of Eden."

"lit by piercing glances": A. R. Gordon; The Poets of The Old Testament; Hodder and Stoughton, 1912

THE LABORS OF HERCULES, p. 63

the piano: someone writes of the smooth polished case of the piano offering temptation to one as a child, to draw on it with a pin

"charming tadpole notes": Review in the London Spectator

"the negro is not brutal": The Reverend J. W. Darr

NEW YORK, p. 65

fur trade: in 1921, New York succeeded St. Louis as the centre of the wholesale fur trade

"as satin needlework": The Literary Digest, March 30, 1918, quotes Forest and Stream, March 1918—an article by George Shiras, 3rd: "Only once in the long period that I have hunted or photographed these animals (white-tailed deer) in this region, have I seen an albino, and that one lingered for a year and a half about my camp, which is situated midway between Marquette and Grand Island. Signs were put up in the neighborhood reading: 'Do not shoot the white deer—it will bring you bad luck.' But tho the first part of the appeal stayed the hand of

NOTES

the sportsman, and the latter that of most pot-hunters, it was finally killed by an unsuperstitious homesteader, and the heretofore unsuccessful efforts to photograph it naturally came to an end.

"Some eight years ago word came that a fine albino buck had been frequently seen on Grand Island and that it came to a little pond on the easterly part of the island. Taking a camping outfit, a canoe, and my guide, several days and nights were spent watching the pond; . . . the white buck did not appear.

"The next year the quest was no more successful, and when I heard that on the opening of the season the buck had been killed by a lumberjack, it was satisfactory to know that the body had been shipped to a taxidermist in Detroit, preparatory to being added to the little museum of the island hotel.

"About the middle of June, 1916, a white fawn only a few days old was discovered in a thicket and brought to the hotel. Here, in the company of another fawn, it grew rapidly. During the earlier months this fawn had the usual row of white spots on the back and sides, and altho there was no difference between these and the body color, they were conspicuous in the same way that satin needlework in a single color may carry a varied pattern. . . . In June, 1917, one of these does bore an albino fawn, which lacked, however, the brocaded spots which characterized the previous one.

"It may be of interest to note that the original buck weighed 150 pounds and possessed a rather extraordinary set of antlers, spreading twenty-six inches, with terminal points much further apart than any I have ever seen. The velvet on the antlers . . . was snow-white, giving them a most statuesque appearance amid the green foliage of the forest. The eyes of the three native albinos are a very light gray-blue, while the doe has the usual red eyeballs; . . . and in the absence of accident or disease, there should soon be a permanent herd of these interesting animals."

picardel: an Elizabethan ruff

"queen full of jewels": ———

if the fur is not finer: Isabella, Duchess of Gonzaga. Frank

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Alvah Parsons; *The Psychology of Dress*; Doubleday, p. 68.
"I wish black cloth even if it cost ten ducats a yard. If it is only as good as that which I see other people wear, I had rather be without it."

"accessibility to experience": Henry James

PEOPLE'S SURROUNDINGS, p. 66

"natural promptness": Ward's English Poets. Webbe—"a witty gentleman and the very chief of our late rhymers. Gifts of wit and natural promptness appear in him abundantly."

1420 pages. Advertisement; New York Times, June 13, 1921:
"Paper—As Long as a Man, As Thin as a Hair. One of the Lindenmeyr Lines was selected by Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers of The Literary Digest, and The Standard Dictionary, for their twelve page pamphlet on India Paper. India Paper is so extremely thin that many grew fearful of the results when the unwieldy size, 45x65 inches, was mentioned. No mill ever made so large a sheet of India Paper; no printer ever attempted to handle it. But S. D. Warren Company produced the paper and Charles Francis Press printed it—printed it in two colors with perfect register. Warren's India is so thin that 1420 pages make only one inch."

Persian velvet: Exhibition of Persian objects, Bush Terminal Building, December, 1919, under the auspices of the Persian Throne. Descriptive label—piece of 16th century brocaded velvet: "The design consists of single rose bushes in pearl white and pale black outline posed on a field of light brown ivory so that the whole piece bears the likeness of the leopard's spots."

Waterford: Irish glass

"a good brake": advertisement

municipal bat roost: experiment in San Antonio, Texas, to combat mosquitoes

"instant beauty": advertisement

Bluebeard's tower: limestone tower at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; purports to be the castle of the traditional Bluebeard

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"chessmen carved out of moonstones": Anatole France

"as an escalator cuts the nerve of progress": The Reverend J. W. Darr

"a setting": The Perfect Host; Vogue, August 1, 1921

captains of armies: Raphael; Horary Astrology

SNAKES, MONGOOSES, p. 69

"the slight snake": George Adam Smith

plastic animal: Hegel: Philosophy of History; The Greek state was plastic, i.e. all of a piece

BOWLS, p. 70

"appear the first day": advertisement in French magazine

NOVICES, p. 71

"Is it the buyer or the seller who gives the money?": Anatole France; Petit Pierre

"dracontine cockatrices": Southey; The Young Dragon

"lit by the half lights of more conscious art": A. R. Gordon; The Poets of the Old Testament

"the smell of the cypress": Landor; Imaginary Conversations; Camelot Series, Walter Scott Publishing Company; page 52. Petrarca: "The smell of box, although not sweet, is more agreeable to me than many that are. . . . The cypress too seems to strengthen the nerves of the brain."

"that tinge of sadness": Arthur Hadyn; Illustrated London News, February 26, 1921. "The Chinese objects of art and porcelain dispersed by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 18th, had that tinge of sadness which a reflective mind always feels; it is so little and so much."

"the authors are wonderful people": Leigh Hunt

"much noble vagueness": James Harvey Robinson; The Mind in the Making

"detailless perspective of the sea" ———

"split like a glass against a wall": The Decameron; introduction by Morley; Cassell, 1908. Freaks of Fortune

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"precipitate of dazzling impressions": W. R. Gordon; *The Poets of the Old Testament*

"an abyss of verbs" ———

"fathomless suggestions of colour": P. T. Forsyth; *Christ on Parnassus*; Hodder and Stoughton

"ocean of hurrying consonants": George Adam Smith; *Expositor's Bible*

"great livid stains": Faguet; Gustave Flaubert; Houghton, Mifflin

"flashing lances"; "molten fires": Leigh Hunt; *Autobiography*

"with foam on its barriers": George Adam Smith; *Expositor's Bible*

"crashing itself out": George Adam Smith; *Expositor's Bible*

MARRIAGE, p. 73

"of circular traditions": Francis Bacon

write simultaneously: *Scientific American*; January, 1922; *Multiple Consciousness or Reflex Action of Unaccustomed Range*. "Miss A——— will write simultaneously in three languages, English, German, and French, talking in the meantime. (She) takes advantage of her abilities in everyday life, writing her letters simultaneously with both hands; namely, the first, third, and fifth words with her left and the second, fourth, and sixth with her right hand. While generally writing outward, she is able as well to write inward with both hands."

"See her, see her in this common world": "George Shock"

"unlike flesh, stones": Richard Baxter; *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*; Lippincott, 1909

"something feline, something colubrine": Philip Littell; *Books and Things*; Santayana's *Poems*; *New Republic*, March 21, 1923. "We were puzzled and we were fascinated, as if by something feline, by something colubrine."

NOTES

"treading chasms": Hazlitt; Essay on Burke's style

"past states": Baxter

"he experiences a solemn joy": Anatole France; *Filles et Garçons*; Hachette. A Travers Champs; "le petit Jean comprend qu'il est beau et cette idée le pénètre d'un respect profond de lui-même. . . . Il goûte une joie pieuse à se sentir devenu une idole."

"it clothes me with a shirt of fire": The Nightingale; a poem in Armenian by Dr Hagop Boghossian of the Department of Philosophy of Worcester College, Massachusetts

"he dares not clap his hands": Edward Thomas; *Feminine Influence on the Poets*; Martin Secker, 1910. "The Kingis Quair—To us the central experience is everything—the strong unhappy king, looking out of the prison window and seeing the golden-haired maiden in rich attire trimmed with pearls, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, a chaplet of red, white and blue feathers on her head, a heart-shaped ruby on a chain of fine gold hanging over her white throat, her dress looped up carelessly to walk in that fresh morning of nightingales in the new-leaved thickets—her little dog with his bells at her side."

"illusion of a fire": Baxter

"as high as deep": Baxter

"very trivial object": Godwin: "marriage is a law and the worst of all laws . . . a very trivial object indeed."

"a kind of overgrown cupid": Brewer; *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*

"the crested screamer": remark in conversation; Glenway Wescott

"for love that will gaze an eagle blind": Anthony Trollope; *Barchester Towers*, Vol. II

"No truth can be fully known": Robert of Sorbonne

"darkeneth her countenance as a bear doth": Ecclesiasticus;

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Women Bad and Good—An Essay; Modern Reader's Bible; Macmillan

"seldom and cold": Baxter

"Married people often look that way": C. Bertram Hartmann

"Ahasuerus tête à tête banquet": George Adam Smith; Expositor's Bible

"Good monster, lead the way": The Tempest

"Four o'clock does not exist": la Comtesse de Noailles; Femina, December, 1921. le Thè: "Dans leur impérieuse humilité elles jouent instinctivement leurs rôles sur le globe."

"What monarch": "The Rape of the Lock"; a satire in verse by Mary Frances Nearing with suggestions by M. Moore

"the sound of the flute": A. Mitram Rhibany; The Syrian Christ. Silence on the part of women—"to an Oriental, this is as poetry set to music" although "in the Orient as here, husbands have difficulty in enforcing their authority"; "it is a common saying that not all the angels in heaven could subdue a woman."

"men are monopolists": Miss M. Carey Thomas, President Emeritus of Bryn Mawr College. Founders address, Mount Holyoke College, 1821: "Men practically reserve for themselves stately funerals, splendid monuments, memorial statues, membership in academies, medals, titles, honorary degrees, stars, garters, ribbons, buttons and other shining baubles, so valueless in themselves and yet so infinitely desirable because they are symbols of recognition by their fellow craftsmen of difficult work well done."

"the crumbs from a lion's meal": Amos: 3; 12. Translation by George Adam Smith: Expositor's Bible

"a wife is a coffin": quoted by John Cournos from Ezra Pound

"settle on my hand": Charles Reade; Christie Johnston

"some have rights": Burke. "Asiatics have rights; Europeans have obligations."

"leaves her peaceful husband": Simone A. Puget; Change of Fashion; advertisement, English Review, June, 1914. "Thus

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proceed pretty dolls when they leave their old home to renovate their frame, and dear others who may abandon their peaceful husband only because they have seen enough of him."

"Everything to do with love is mystery": F. C. Tilney; *The Original Fables of La Fontaine*; Dutton. Love and Folly: Book XII, No. 14.

"Liberty and Union": Daniel Webster

SILENCE, p. 82

My father used to say: a remark in conversation; Miss A. M. Homans, Professor Emeritus of Hygiene, Wellesley College. "My father used to say, 'superior people never make long visits; then people are not so glad when you've gone.' When I am visiting, I like to go about by myself. I never had to be shown Longfellow's grave nor the glass flowers at Harvard."

"Make my house your inn": Edmund Burke to a stranger with whom he had fallen into conversation in a bookshop. *Life of Burke*: James Prior; "'Throw yourself into a coach,' said he. 'Come down and make my house your inn.'"

AN OCTOPUS, p. 83

glass that will bend: Sir William Bell of the British Institute of Patentees has made a list of inventions which he says the world needs. The list includes glass that will bend; a smooth road surface that will not be slippery in wet weather; a furnace that will conserve 95 per cent. of its heat; a process to make flannel unshrinkable; a noiseless airplane; a motor engine of one pound weight per horse-power; methods to reduce friction; a process to extract phosphorus from vulcanized India rubber so that it can be boiled up and used again; practical ways of utilizing the tides

"Picking periwinkles": M. C. Carey; *London Graphic*, August 25, 1923

"spider fashion": W. P. Pycraft; *Illustrated London News*, June 28, 1924

"ghostly pallor": Francis Ward; *Illustrated London News*, August 11, 1923

"magnitude of their root systems": John Muir

NOTES

"creepy to behold": W. P. Pycraft

"each like the shadow of the one beside it": Ruskin

"conformed to an edge": W. D. Wilcox; *The Rockies of Canada*; Putnam, 1903

"thoughtful beavers": Clifton Johnson; *What to See in America*; Macmillan

"blue stone forests": Clifton Johnston; *What to See in America*

"grottoes": W. D. Wilcox; *The Rockies of Canada*

"two pairs of trousers": W. D. Wilcox. "My old packer, Bill Peyto. He usually wears two pairs of trousers, one over the other, the outer pair about six months older. Every once in a while, Peyto would give one or two nervous yanks at the fringe and tear off the longer pieces, so that his outer trousers disappeared day by day from below upwards."

"deliberate wide eyed wistfulness": Olivia Howard Dunbar; review of Alice Meynell's prose; *Post Literary Review*, June 16, 1923. "There is no trace here of deliberate wide eyed wistfulness."

"glass eyes": W. D. Wilcox. "The Indian pony or cayuse, probably owes its origin to a cross between the mustang and the horses introduced by the Spaniards in the conquest of Mexico. Some of them have 'glass eyes' or a colourless condition of the retina supposed to be the result of too much inbreeding."

"business men": W. D. Wilcox: "A crowd of the business men of Banff, who usually take about 365 holidays every year, stands around to offer advice."

"menagerie of styles": W. M. *The Mystery of an Adjective and of Evening Clothes*; *London Graphic*, June 21, 1924: "Even in the Parisian menagerie of styles there remains this common feature that evening dress is always evening dress in men's wear. With women there is no saying whether a frock is meant for tea, dinner, or for breakfast in bed."

"bristling, puny, swearing men": Clifton Johnson

NOTES

"They make a nice appearance, don't they?": Comment overheard at the circus

"Greek, that pride-producing language": Anthony Trollope; *An Autobiography*; Oxford University Press

"rashness is rendered innocuous": Cardinal Newman; *Historical Sketches*

"Like happy souls in hell": Richard Baxter; *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*

"so noble and so fair": Cardinal Newman; *Historical Sketches*

"complexities . . . an accident": Richard Baxter

"The Greeks were emotionally sensitive": W. D. Hyde; *The Five Great Philosophies*; Macmillan

"James was damned by the public for decorum": ———

"creeping slowly": Francis Ward

"tear the snow"; "flat on the ground"; "bent in a half circle": Clifton Johnson

"with a sound like the crack of a rifle": W. D. Wilcox

Quoted descriptions of scenery and of animals, of which the source is not given, have been taken from government pamphlets on our national parks

SEA UNICORNS AND LAND UNICORNS, p. 91

"mighty monoceroses": Spenser

"disquiet shippers": Violet A. Wilson—Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, (Lane)—quotes Olaus Magnus; *History of the Goths and Swedes*: "The sea serpent: he hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets shippers and he puts up his head like a pillar, and catcheth away men."

a voyager: Violet A. Wilson; Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour. Thomas Cavendish: "He sailed up the Thames in splendour, the sails of his ship being cloth of gold and his seamen clad in rich silks. Many were the curiosities which the explorers brought home as presents for the ladies. The Queen naturally

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had first choice and to her fell the unicorn's horn valued at a hundred thousand pounds, which became one of the treasures of Windsor."

"abounding in land unicorns": Violet A. Wilson; "Hawkins affirmed the existence of land unicorns in the forests of Florida, and from their presence deducted abundance of lions because of the antipathy between the two animals, so that 'where the one is the other cannot be missing'."

"in politics, in trade": Henry James; English Hours

"polished garlands"; "myrtle rods": J. A. Symonds

"cobwebs, and knotts, and mulberries": Queen Elizabeth's dresses. Violet A. Wilson: Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour: "a forepart of white satten, embrodered all over with pansies, little roses, knotts, and a border of mulberries, pillars, and pomegranets, of Venice golde, sylver, and sylke of sondrye colours. One forepart of green satten embrodered all over with sylver, like beasts, fowles, and fishes." "A petticoat embrodered all over slightly with snakes of Venice gold and silver and some O's, with a faire border embrodered like seas, cloudes, and rainbowes."

the long tailed bear of Ecuador: In his *Adventures in Bolivia* (Lane, 1922), p. 193, C. H. Prodgers tells of a strange animal that he bought: "It was stuffed with long grass and cost me ten shillings, turning out eventually to be a bear with a tail. In his book on wild life, Rowland Ward says, 'Amongst the rarest animals is a bear with a tail; this animal is known to exist, is very rare, and only to be found in the forest of Ecuador,' and this was where the man who sold it to me said he got it."

"deriving agreeable terror": Leigh Hunt. "The lover of reading will derive agreeable terror from Sir Bertram and The Haunted Chamber."

"moonbeam throat": Mediæval—anonymous poem in *Punch*, April 25, 1923

an unmatched device: Bulfinch's *Mythology*. "Some described the horn as movable at the will of the animal, a kind of small sword in short, and which no hunter who was not exceedingly

NOTES

cunning in fence could have a chance. Others maintained that all the animal's strength lay in its horn, and that when hard pressed in pursuit it would show itself from the pinnacle of the highest rocks horn foremost, so as to pitch on it, and then quietly march off not a whit the worse for its fall."

Herodotus says of the phœnix: "I have not seen it myself except in a picture."

"impossible to take alive": Pliny

"as straight": Charles Cotton, "An Epitaph on M. H.

As soft, and snowy, as that down
Adorns the Blow-ball's frizzled crown;
As straight and slender as the crest,
Or antlet of the one-beam'd beast;"

"improved all over": see "cobwebs"

"with pavon high"; "upon her lap": Mediæval—anonymous poem in *Punch*, April 25, 1923



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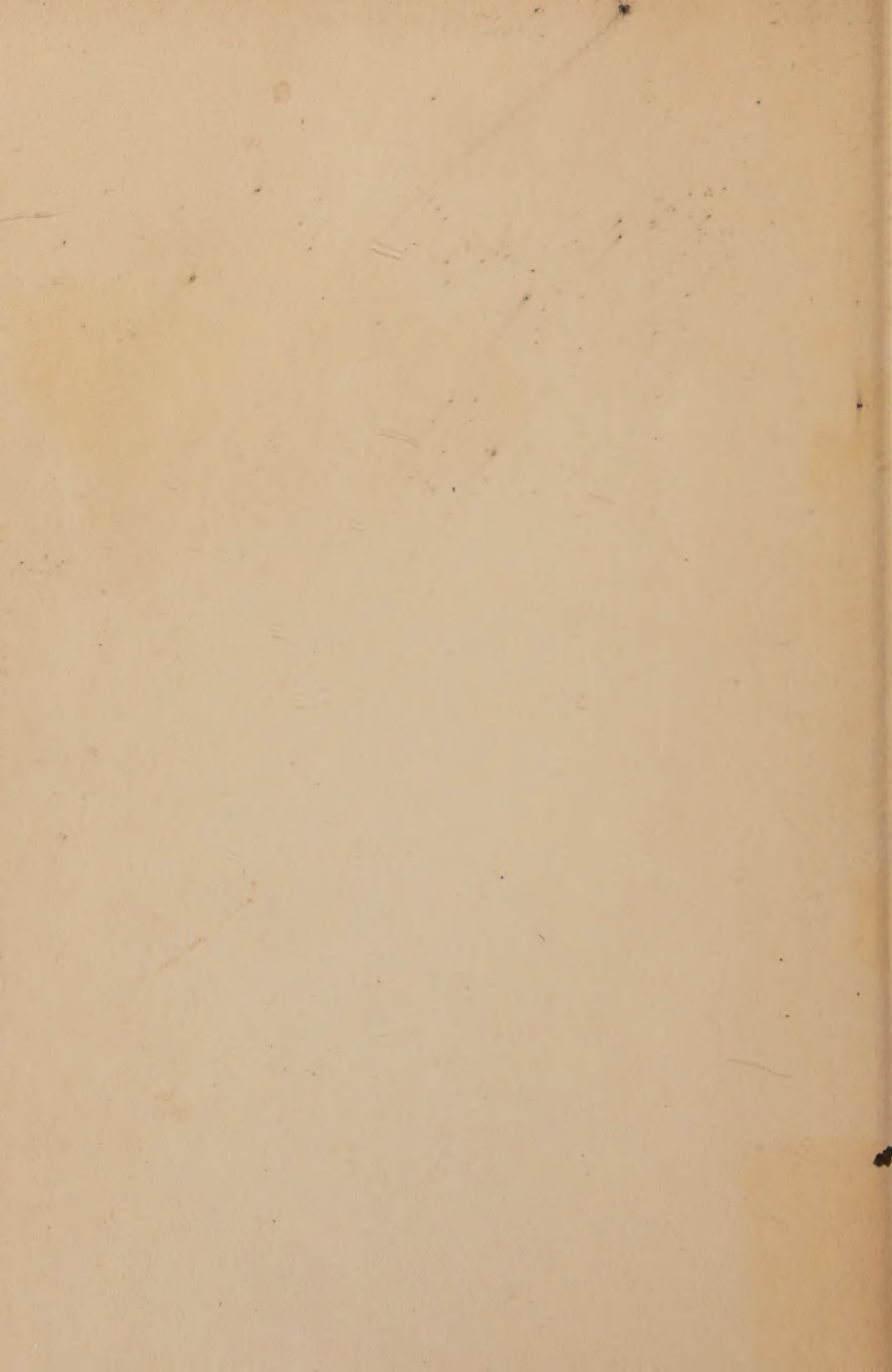
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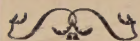
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